

HOW JEAN GOT AHEAD—No. Twelve—The Reward of Faithfulness

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The New York Evening World

By Betty Vincent

ABOUT
PLAYS
AND
PLAYERS
BIDE DUDLEY

A ray of light penetrated through the more or less drowsy atmosphere attendant upon the dying theatrical season yesterday when it became known that Mortimer Eichel, a lawyer at No. 43 Cedar Street, had a client who was anxious to loan a small playhouse in this city for an entire season. An inquiry was made concerning the Little Theatre, but the Ames house is not on the market. Other theatres were considered also. Mr. Eichel declined to give the name of his mysterious client.

"I am not at liberty to mention her name," said the lawyer. "This is merely a business matter—a question of getting a small theatre for a year."

EXACTLY WHAT TO DO.

A budding playwright, who doesn't want his name mentioned through sheer modesty, was selected by a Bronx post as a target recently. The torpedo that struck him follows:

You are the time to see the end of confidence and self.

And be this word to you: success must have a balanced will.

To seek and reach the human heart by the means of a play is not the business of a sage.

And more—it takes more sympathy. And human as we are, we must be able to feel the pulse of the world.

And you are young and full of hope. And you are full of hope. And you are full of hope. And you are full of hope.

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OUR OWN MOVIE SERIES.

Part 4—Malcom looked at the beautiful girl he had accused of being an actress. "So your father told you something would happen?" he said. She nodded a single nod. "Has he bought a straw hat yet?" asked Malcom.

"Father has buried the hatchet," she replied falteringly.

A tear came in her eye and they were married. The day after the ceremony was performed she hit him in the ear. It was on a Sunday.

(The End.)

A REGULAR BUSINESS MAN.

Leonard Hollister, seeking an engagement, went to an agency operated by two men.

"We had a job this morning," said one of the agents, "but you're too late."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, my partner took it himself."

A BATTLE OF WITS.

William Wood is manager of the Keith Stock Company at Union Hill, N. J. Joe Plunkett is performing managerial duties at the Park Theatre, which is near Central Park. Now go on with the story.

They met on Broadway yesterday. "Hello, Bill!" said Joe. "How are the mosquitoes?"

"They're all right, Joe," replied Bill. "How are the squirrels?"

There is some question as to which of the boys exhibited the keener sense of humor, but what difference does it make?

SONG WRITERS CLASH.

Irving Berlin was driving his eight-cylinder dreadnought on Riverside Drive the other day when Harry Carroll came along in his little wheeze-car. They stopped to chat.

"Glad to see you driving an auto, Irving," said Harry. "It will make a man of you."

"Why don't you try it?" asked Irving.

GOSSIP.

Frank Morse is in town.

Lillian Gayer has joined the cast of "She's In Again."

Jane Oaker will probably have a leading role in Julian Eltinge's new play.

A. H. Woods has decided to change the name of "A Modern Shylock" to "Destiny."

"A Pair of Silk Stockings" will tour next season under the direction of the Messrs. Shubert.

Campbell Casad is authoring again. He is fixing up his farce, "Beach Me!" for C. S. Primrose of Chicago.

Molly McIntyre is to do some work as a stock star in "Huntley" and other plays with which she is familiar.

At Massapequa to-morrow, Fred Stone, Vernon Castle, Frank Tinney and James Minnick will play the Hicksville polo team.

A benefit for the Brooklyn Federation of Jewish Charities will be given to-morrow night at the Lyric Theatre under the auspices of Cohan & Harris.

Henry Miller, whose "Daddy Long-Legs" production was destroyed in the Princess Theatre fire, Toronto, will finish his season at the Irish Chatterbox production after it closes at the Gaiety next week.

Frances Starr will conclude her engagement at the Belasco Theatre in "Marie-Odile" to-night. The engagement was gratifying in every way to both Miss Starr and Mr. Belasco. She will be seen in the Knoblauch play on tour next season.

Leon Spachner, Treasurer at the Shubert Theatre, received a letter yesterday from a woman who said she lost a pair of opera glasses in the theatre last winter. She asked that the house be searched for them.

The Gamut Club will give its first public performance at the "Candler Theatre" to-morrow night. The production of "Tintagli" will be presented, as will be "Courtship Then, Now and in the Future," by Anna Wynne, and "Self-Defense," by Anne Moore.

English players sail.

A large contingent of English stage people sailed for England late yesterday on the Transylvania. On the ship were nearly all the members of the "A Pair of Silk Stockings" company and a number of the Granville Barker players. The fate of the Transylvania did not frighten them very much. Just the same Mollie Hamley, Clifford picked out a nice comfortable life preserver—a perfect 48—and put it where she could find it even to the dark.

OUR OWN MINSTRELS.

Interlocutor—I understand your brother is a marine, Mr. Bones.

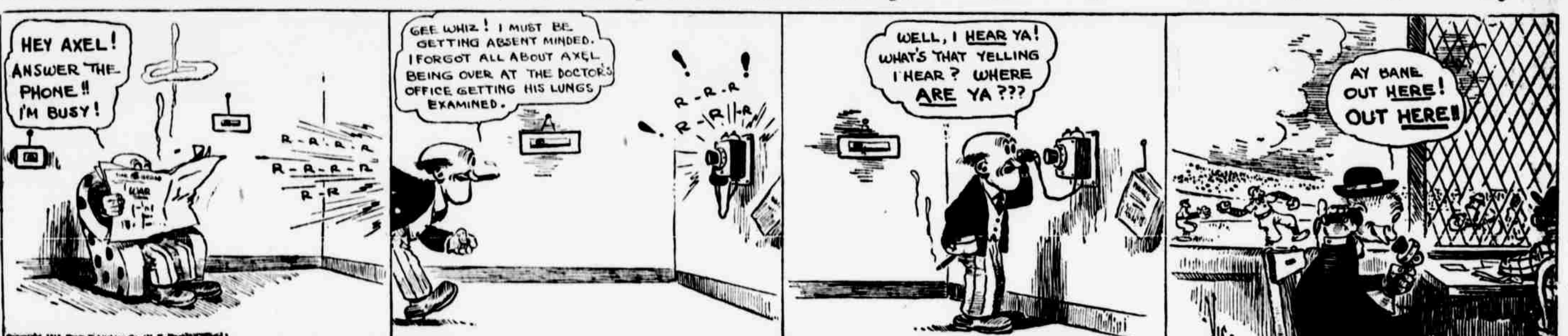
Bones—Yes, I'm going to relieve him a while next fall if they'll let me.



"S'MATTER, POP!"

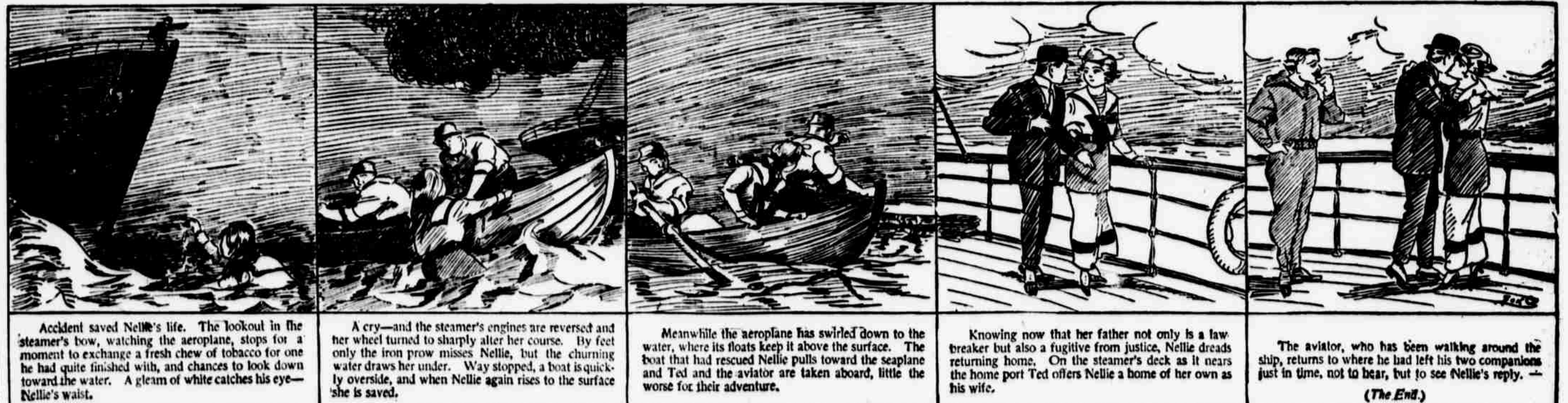


FLOOEY AND AXEL—As Far as We Can Notice, There's Nothing the Matter With Axel's Lungs!



THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER—Conclusion—Enter Cupid

THE EVENING WORLD'S "MOVIE STORY" COMPLETE EACH WEEK MONDAY—A GIRL'S FAITH. By Bernard MacDonald



Accident saved Nellie's life. The lookout in the steamer's bow, watching the aeroplane, stops for a moment to exchange a fresh chew of tobacco for one he had quite finished with, and chances to look down toward the water. A gleam of white catches his eye—Nellie's waist.

A cry—and the steamer's engines are reversed and her wheel turned to sharply alter her course. By feet only the iron prow misses Nellie, but the churning water draws her under. Way stopped, a boat is quickly overside, and when Nellie again rises to the surface she is saved.

Meanwhile the aeroplane has swirled down to the water, where its floats keep it above the surface. The boat that had rescued Nellie pulls toward the seaplane and Ted and the aviator are taken aboard, little the worse for their adventure.

Knowing now that her father not only is a lawbreaker but also a fugitive from justice, Nellie dreads returning home. On the steamer's deck as it nears the home port Ted offers Nellie a home of her own as his wife.

The aviator, who has been walking around the ship, returns to where he left his two companions just in time, not to hear, but to see Nellie's reply.

(The End.)

Good Stories
Of the Day

Warned.

A CERTAIN well known actor playing in "Peter Pan" once fell ill, and his understudy had to take the part. The latter was very delighted at his chance, and sent many telegrams to leading critics and others connected with the stage, notifying them of the fact.

Some one asked Harris if he had received a telegram.

"Yes," he replied. "And I at once wired, 'Thanks for the warning.'"

Tit-Bits.

He Spelt It.

BRIDE and groom they were, unmistakably, and the guests writing "Wish you were here" greetings in that Atlantic City hotel were much interested in them. Each sat at a desk and got busy with pen

and ink, the silence being broken only when the bride asked how to spell a word. These queries annoyed an old gentleman writing near by, and he was plainly relieved when the bridegroom left the room. The little bride did not know that she had been deserted, and she again got stuck on a word.

"How do you spell Cincinnati, honey?" she asked.

"C-i-n-c-i-n-n-a-t-i-h-o-n-e-y," responded Mr. Grouch.—Lippincott's.

Sonny Was a Bungler.

A CERTAIN negro had been brought into an Alabama police court for the fifth time, charged with stealing chickens. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his Honor, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken stealing that I'm tired of seeing him here."

"I doesn't blame you, Judge," said the parent, "an' I's tired of seein' him here as you is."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I have showed him the right way," said the father, "but he just don't seem to have no talent for learning how. Judge, he always gets caught."—National Monthly.

He Was It All Right.

"YOU'VE made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum of a daily paper. "I was one of the competitors at that athletic match yesterday, and you have called me 'the well-known lightweight champion.'"

"Well, aren't you?" inquired the editor.

"No, I'm nothing of the kind, and I'm profoundly awkward, because I'm a coal merchant!"—National Monthly.

Handicapped.

"YOU are not very happy in this house," friend remarked to renter.

"No, I can't say we are."

"Your ceilings are falling."

"They are, and that isn't all. Our

roof leaks, our cellar fills with water every time it rains, our radiators thump, our furnace is too small for the house, its appetite is too large for our income, our gutters have rusted away, the porch sags, the house hasn't had a new coat of paint for seven years, the wallpaper hangs loose in every room, and the chimney is shorter after every wind storm."

"Then why in the world don't you move?"

"Because we can't find another house with a hall that our long Oriental runner will fit."—Newark News.

Looking Ahead.

"THIS old millionaire and his beautiful bride, after their quiet wedding, had a quiet wedding breakfast, a delectable caviar, fresh California peas, champagne—so the quiet breakfast ran."

"My dear," said the old millionaire, as the fruit course, a superb Florida melon, came on—"tell me, my dear—and he laid his withered hand on her young one—"do you love me for what I am or for what I was?"

"The beautiful girl smiled down

from the window into the admiring eyes of a young clubman who was passing; then she bent her clear, considering gaze on the gray ruin opposite and replied:

"I love you, George, for what you will be."—Washington Star.

The Popular Craze.

"SIR," said the young man, "I want to marry your daughter."

"You do, eh? What have you got to offer?"

"Myself—which includes a fair education, a good state of health, a reasonable amount of ambition, a creditable appearance, a modest salary and a strong desire to come into your office and get useful."

The older man shook his head.

"Not enough. Times are too hard. I can't afford a wedding."

The young man smiled.

"Now for my trump card," he said, "Everybody is eloping. We will elope and save the expense."

The old man caught his hand.

"She's yours, son, she's yours!"

Cleveland Plain Dealer.